

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BY GERVASE GODARD & CO.

Vol. II. SEPTEMBER, 1809. No. 1.

INTRODUCTION.

THE direction of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE has been transferred to other hands; some change in the form and plan of the work has been adopted, which it is believed will meet the approbation of its readers. The first volume was merely tentative; its patronage has been found sufficiently liberal to encourage a continuation of the publication, and its present Editors will be diligent in their endeavours to render the work as respectable and as useful as their talents and opportunities will allow.

While the literary adventurer is yet indulging the ideal form of his undertaking, he is apt to please his imagination with the splendor of the fabric, which he believes himself capable of raising. He contemplates his project in embryo, robes it in fancied excellence, and thinks, that he already hears the applauses of GENIUS, without, perhaps, ever reflecting, that to select with diligence, to correct with critical caution, and to write, is a task far too arduous for one mind to perform, though otherwise unemployed. Depend-

ing upon the assistance of literary friends, for original matter, will often be inviting disappointment. *Fancy* and *wit*, though proud to be known, too frequently retire to the blandishing shades of indolence, or hurried along with the restless stream of the world, make their passes, but transiently and feebly. In order that a work of this nature might claim the highest rewards of literary merit, a number of correspondents, versatile in genius, and industrious in exertion, should assist with their labours; this, however, is not to be expected in a work just raising its humble head, in a place where men who devote themselves to literature are but few.

It has, however, been a custom, perhaps too much cherished by periodical Editors, to look upon original, or new-fangled matter, as the only thing which can give excellence and respectability to a work of this nature; and accordingly we see, some embody into their publications, every thing which bears the name of original, however awkward may be the style, or contemptible the sentiments. The present Editors of this work has, therefore, determined to prefer *judicious selection* from published works, to the trivial labours of importunate inanity; and we doubt not, but our readers, and those few friends of Genius who will assist us with their lucubrations, will second us in this determination.

There are various grades of excellence, between the extremes of insipience and superlative merit; a work may not arrive at an *eminent* degree of excellence, and yet maintain a station in the scale of merit, honourable and worthy of patronage. This point it may gain, even from *selection* when judiciously made; there are a number of valuable works daily ushered into the world, which the majority of mankind will never get to see, and from which quotation must always be interesting.

The first volume, which has just been completed, contains some valuable essays; the productions of PERIANDER, of ADRAIN, of CHILO, and LOTHAIRE, would do honor to any publication; and the present Editors will always give a friendly reception to their literary contributions.

The correspondence of ingenious persons is respectfully invited. Whatever may tend to enlarge the bounds of science, to illumine truth, whether political or physical, will

be hailed with a friendly welcome by the Editors ; the flowers of poesy will be culled with care ; and should morality ask a page to stifle the vices and follies of the world, the MONTHLY MAGAZINE shall be open to her remonstrances. Serious enquiry after truth is certainly the gold of literature ; but the thorny walks of variable life must sometimes be strewed with flowers ; we will therefore sometimes turn aside from

.....themes of graver tone,
Nor with a frown forbid the play of fancy,
Or proscribe the sounds of mirth.

COWPER.

ON SENSIBILITY.—FOR THE MAGAZINE.

.....But tho' Heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without enliv'ning suns and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head.

Pleasures of Imagination.

Sensibility is capable of culture ; and when carefully nurtured will expand and flourish with luxuriance. Nature may sow its seeds with equal liberality into the bosom of the sage or savage ; but education alone can unfold the embryo plant into vigorous life. It has, however, been thought, the better to secure human happiness, that man should endeavour to stifle the glow of feeling in his bosom, that he should lay the icy hand of stoic restraint upon the susceptibility of his heart. The gloomiest prospects of mental pain and sorrow, have been pointed at, as the offspring of morbid sensibility. The sensitive bosom has

been painted as a wreck on the ocean of life, lashed by every wave of adversity. Those who make these observations labour, perhaps, under the influence of casual disappointment; or paint but the shadowy side of the prospect which they contemplate. In judging of the effects which sensibility has on the happiness of mankind, a careful distinction should be made between that spurious sensibility which arises from the vanity of affectation, and the genuine stamina of nature, expanded in the bosom by a careful and liberal education. Pure sensibility, says an intelligent writer, is as opposed to the ridiculous affectation of it, as the hysterical fainting fit of fashion is to the real fatigues of a virtuous and tender mind.

The affectation of sensibility is indeed the bane of human happiness; it is the poisoned chalice which effeminate vanity commends to its own lips. It is a sickening plant, which nature despises, and which she never owns as her legitimate offspring.

It must indeed be confessed, that the inconveniences to which the tranquility of the heart is subjected, from too great a luxuriancy of sensibility, are sometimes perplexing and painful. Circumstances, though trifles in themselves, often cause pain to a feeling mind, which will pass over a coarser bosom, without notice or emotion. But the pangs of tenderness spring from a genuine source, and tend but to predispose the bosom for subsequent enjoyment. They are the clouds of a summer's day, which shroud for a while the ardency of the sun, after which his effulgence beams more benignly.

There is a kind of negative happiness which the rude breast of insensibility enjoys; he passes through life in a middle way between joy and sorrow; he is a stranger, alike to the torments of mental pain, and the raptures of extacy. But the dullness of uniformity is displeasing, even in the realization of our wishes. And few who have felt even the deepest vicissitudes of joy and sorrow would exchange the tenor of their life, for the monotonous feelings of insensibility. There is in the tear that flows from the eye of feeling, a luxury, more enviable than all the common joys of insensible bosoms.

The pleasures of poetry, painting, and eloquence can never be experienced with so exquisite a feeling by the frigid bosom, as by the warm and sensitive heart.

The element of these sister arts is sensibility ; by it they seize entrance, and conquer. The heart must vibrate. Reason alone may indeed experience a calm enjoyment, but the heart must unite in the rapture to make it exquisite. But where were the divine charms of nature ? where, her goodly form, her melodious voice, her "breath perfumed with ethereal sweetness," if man should damp that principle in his bosom, which gives them life, and makes their effects so sacred ? 'Tis sensibility that

*—makes all nature beauty to the eye,
Or music to the ear.*

Sensibility, as it is feelingly alive to the miseries of mankind, as it enables us to partake in the woes of others, and causes a kindred, though ideal pain in the breast, must necessarily create a desire to relieve those misfortunes which afflict us in others, and consequently must be favourable to active benevolence and humanity. It is indeed true, that a mind impelled by the cold dictates of morality, though void of every finer feeling, will desire to relieve distress. But alas ! how cold is that humanity, how slow that charity which wants the impulsive gush of sensibility, or the throb of sympathy to urge it into activity. Pity beats but faintly in that breast which feels not the miseries of mankind.

Let us not then endeavour to eradicate a plant from the bosom's soil, which, though it may sometimes throw a gloomy shade over the path of life, is nevertheless the best anodyne against the misfortunes of the world.

"Dear sensibility ! source inexhaustible of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows ! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw—and it is thou who lifts him up to *Heaven* ! eternal fountain of our feeling—'tis here I trace thee." [STERN.

L.

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Theophrastus says, that the Ephori imposed a fine upon their king, ARCHIDAMUS, for having married a very little woman ; "for," said they, "she will give us puppets instead of kings."

AN ANNIVERSARY ORATION

ON THE SUBJECT OF QUARANTINES,

*Delivered to the PHILADELPHIA MEDICAL SOCIETY, on the
21st of January, 1807.*

BY CHARLES CALDWELL, M. D.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY,

THE profession of medicine is, at present, stript of much of the dark cabalistical covering, which once concealed it from the public eye. The knowledge of it has, long since, ceased to be regarded as a *speciale Dei donum*, a peculiar endowment from above, and is now justly ranked, with other scientific pursuits, among the objects of human attainment. Nor are its most illustrious cultivators any longer venerated as the descendants of the gods. Still, however, it preserves, and is worthy of preserving, a distinguished place in the catalogue of the sciences. It is still far from forming any part of that common stock of information, collected by mankind in their passage through life. It is, perhaps, more peculiarly than any other, an insulated profession, and that of such extent and variety, as to be wholly beyond the reach and comprehension of all, except its particular votaries. For it is worthy of remark, that no one devoted to other pursuits, has ever become eminent in the science and the profession of medicine. This branch of human knowledge alone, affords matter sufficient for the exercise of the highest talents, applied with unceasing industry, and continued in action during the longest life.

If these observations be true (and I presume their truth will not be controverted) it is peculiarly fortunate that medical subjects, though frequently the topics of general and promiscuous discussion, are but seldom the objects of civil legislation. Circumstances have, however, occasionally occurred, to cause some of them to be acted on by legis-

lative bodies. It is to be lamented that this has, of late years, been the case, in various instances, in our own country. I speak of the event as a matter of regret, because the deliberations on this subject have not only been wholly inadequate to the end in view; but, what is much worse, they originated in error, were conducted without knowledge, and terminated in mischief. If they have not actually increased the very evil they were intended to prevent, they have, at least, without diminishing it, associated it with others of their own creation. They have added another, and I hope a convincing proof, to those before existing, that the science of medical jurisprudence is beyond the sphere of common lawgivers, and that none but medical characters should ever be deputed to its high and interesting concerns.

You no doubt, perceive, Gentlemen, that I speak in allusion to the systems of quarantine, established of late by several of our state legislatures, with a view to protect our shores from the ravages of pestilence. Though these establishments were, probably, the result of some reflection, and certainly of the best intentions, on the part of their founders, yet experience has proved them to be erroneous in their principles, and destructive in their tendency. Considered in a national point of view, they are worse—much worse than the evil they were intended to prevent. Growing, however, as they have done, out of the present state of public opinion relative to the origin and nature of our pestilential diseases, and being perfectly accommodated to that state, nothing short of a general and radical change in this opinion, would be adequate either to abolish or to reform them. But such a change cannot be produced by any single effort, however wise or however powerful. It must be a work of time, and can be accomplished only by a zealous co-operation of many individuals.

But to whom shall the important work of effecting this change be entrusted? and what description of characters is best calculated to conduct it to a successful issue? Is it to the lawyer, the statesman, or the divine, that the management and fate of this business should be committed? or, is it not rather to the votaries of medicine, who, from their knowledge of the subject, are alone equal to the difficulty of the task?

To you, Gentlemen, of the Medical Society—To you, Gentlemen, of the medical class in general, I hope and believe, that no inconsiderable part of the honour of this enterprise will belong. And trust me, it is an enterprise worthy of your ambition—worthy of your exertions—An enterprise not confined in its effects to your own country, nor limited in its duration to the present times; but enfolding in its wide embrace nations the most distant, and extending to ages the most remote. It is an enterprise which will, in future times, be regarded as the first effectual blow aimed at the existence of that false idol, that seductive Dagon in medicine, which, for nearly four centuries, has commanded the homage of the nations of Christendom.

It is proper, Gentlemen, that you should be duly sensible of your own peculiar fitness, both as to qualifications and opportunities, for co-operating in this important enterprise. Devoted as you are, and must be, by the nature of your profession, to observation and inquiry, you will be naturally looked up to by your fellow-citizens as sources of correct information and wholesome advice, particularly in matters relating to the science of medicine. Established, as you will shortly be, in the practice of your profession, in every part of the United States, you will be capable, from your widely extended influence, of acting, in some measure, on the mind of the whole nation at once. By cultivating, therefore, an unity of sentiment, and by observing a proper concert in your measures and exertions, on any one point, it will be in your power to produce, in relation to that point, somewhat of a national effect. The numerous impressions made by each of you in person, spreading from you individually, as from so many centres, will expand and unite, like adjacent ripples on the peaceful water, till the whole of your fellow-citizens shall feel the impulse. Let the point you may choose to act on be, *the errors into which our state legislatures have fallen relative to systems of quarantine*, and the evils arising from these systems cannot fail to be done away.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LECTURE V.

Pneumatics, or chymical properties of air.

SOUND is caused by any thing that gives a smart stroke or a tremulous motion to the air; waves thus occasioned, striking upon the outward shell of the ear, are from thence conveyed up the auditory tube, and striking against the tympanum, or drum, are so increased, that in making their way up the labyrinth, they give a shock to the auditory nerves, and, by their means, is conveyed to the soul the idea of sound. The artificial ear makes this very evident. And the clock striking in vacuo without being heard, is a proof of air being a conductor of sound. Musical strings, in tension, struck by a bow, a finger, the wind, &c. will divide themselves into imaginary frets, or bridges, viz. into halves, thirds, fourths, &c. A bridge, either real or imaginary, dividing a string into *two* equal lengths, each (*vibrating according to their weight*) will be an *octave* to the whole string, as half will vibrate twice as fast as the whole; and hence every second wave unites with the first of the whole string, and gives a pleasing sensation to the ear. If a string be divided into *three equal parts*, each will vibrate three times while the whole string vibrates once; hence every third wave coming in contact produces a pleasing sensation, and the chord is called a *twelfth*. Two thirds of this string vibrate *three times* while the whole string vibrates *twice*, and gives that sweet chord called a *fifth*. *Seven-ninths* of a string produce the major *third*; and *three-fourths*, the *fourth*. Hence, waves clashing against one another without contact, produce *discords* in music, and serve as foils or reliefs to according waves. Hence also the mechanical sympathy of musical instruments tuned in unison; one of which will sound when the other does, by the waves it produces. A harpsichord replies to every word spoken in the room where it stands, when its strings have no dampers upon them. Particular notes in an organ will shake the wainscot, set dogs howling. Hence all the various sounds produced by the Eolian harp, when tuned in unison, and exposed to a current of wind—the strings divide themselves into imaginary bridges, and produce *octaves, fifths, thirds, twelfths, fifteenths, &c.* The

masterly performer on the violin assists this propensity, by touching lightly those aliquot parts of a string where nature would make this imaginary bridge, and hence are produced those notes called *harmonics*.

Any thing elastic will conduct sound, as well as air, and even better; if an ear be put to one end of a long beam, and a small scratch be made at the other, the ear will distinctly hear it. Echo, is a reflection of the air-waves, from hills, rocks, &c. as light is reflected from a mirror. Sound travels 1140 feet in a second of time, and returns by echo with the same velocity—hence the impinging waves against the aliquot parts of the arch of St. Paul's dome unite so nearly at the same time, on the opposite point to the sounding body, that whisper is heard as if the mouth and ear were close together. Air-waves (naturally flying off globularly), are directed by the speaking-trumpet into a straight line; and thus condensed, they fly farther through the air, and make a proportional impression on the ear. The trumpet's mouth being opened in the logarithmic curve, reverberates the struggling waves into a line with the axis of the instrument; so when two of them are placed in a line, with their mouths placed towards each other, the smallest whisper in one will be heard many yards by an ear placed at the other. Hence they are also used to assist imperfect hearing.

As the pores and cavities of all bodies are filled with air, an animal put under a receiver, and the air exhausted, will soon die; because as the air is drawn out of the lungs, *that* in the body will expand and swell the animal, shrivel up its lungs, and thereby stop the circulation of the blood.

Carbonic acid gas, the aerial acid, or fixed air arises from the effervescence of many acids and alkaline mixtures, and easiest from chalk and diluted sulphuric acid.—Liquors fermenting discharge plenty of it, and it is found also in the common atmosphere. It is a constituent part of chalk, marble, lime-stone, and all calcareous earth. Water imbibes it, and thence acquires the sparkling appearance, acidulous taste, and medical qualities of *Pyrmont-water*. Though noxious when breathed, it cures the sea scurvy, putrid intestines, inflamed or putrid sores, &c. when let loose in the stomach from malt, sugar, saline draught, sour crout, and other vegetables.—It is heavier

than common air, so lies at the bottom of the Grotto del Cano, and other lime-stone caverns. It is the result of combining carbon with oxygen.

Nitrous air is commonly produced by mixing with the nitric acid, charcoal, oil, iron, copper, or any other substance which will attract its oxygen. It diminishes common air, in proportion to its purity; and their mixture produces red fumes.—This gas is composed nearly of two parts, by weight, of oxygen, combined with one of nitrogen, and is not miscible with water. This azote having so great an affinity to oxygen, and in this state being far from saturation, it will so attract it even from the atmosphere as to diminish all airs in proportion to the oxygen they contain.

The wonderful nitrous oxyd gas, discovered by doctor Priestly, in 1776, has much excited the attention of the chymical world, for a few years past.

It is formed by exposing the nitrate of ammonia to heat, or by pouring diluted nitric acid on tin.

When taken into the lungs, it occasions a singular species of intoxication, somewhat like the effects of wine and opium; sometimes a pleasurable delirium, involuntary speech, laughter, wild gesture, and indescribable sensations: its paroxysm continues only 4 or 5 minutes, leaving the mind in a state of hilarity for several hours in some instances, and in others, immediate lassitude and debility.

It is supposed to have salutary effects in cases of paralysis, hemiplegia, suspended animation, tetanus, typhus, fever, mania, &c. It consists of 37 parts oxygen to 63 nitrogen.

Hydrogen gas, or inflammable air, is produced from water. It is commonly procured from iron and diluted sulphuric acid.

If 274 grains of soft iron, in thin plates, be made red hot in a tube, with the steem of water forced through it, the product will be 416 cubical inches or 15 grains in weight of inflammable gas (13 times lighter than atmospheric air), and the water will be found to have lost in steam 100 grains, the iron in the tube will have acquired 85 grains of additional weight and become a mere oxyd; so that these 85 grains added to the 15 grains of inflammable air will give the 100 parts of water lost. And if equal quantities of inflammable or hydrogen gas, be burned with oxygen gas

in a close vessel, the product will be *water*, of the same weight with the two ignited airs. This *inflammable air* being so much lighter than common air, rises from bogs, and putrefying substances, into the higher regions of the atmosphere, and lodging there, frequently receives inflammation from lightning or electricity, giving *Thunder* its long progressive sound—*Lightning* the property of spreading over the whole hemisphere—and, when by winds it is drawn into long streaks across the hemisphere, and ignites at one end, the inflammation runs across the hemisphere, and we call the phenomenon *falling stars*, *fiery dragons*, *meteors*, *will-o-th'-wisps*, &c.—A soap bubble, filled with inflammable air, rises in the atmosphere like a cork in water, and is an air-balloon in miniature, rising from its specific levity; *Inflammable air*, when mixed with an equal quantity of common air, or a third of vital air, explodes when confined in a gun, and inflamed by electricity, so as to discharge a ball with a force nearly equal to gunpowder.

Oxygen gas (called hitherto dephlogisticated air, vital air, empyreal air, &c.) is derived from the principle of acidity, and is only that principle united with caloric or fire. It forms nearly one-third of the mass of the atmosphere, and is the principle which supports flame and animal life; for neither can exist without it. It is a constituent part of every kind of calx or oxyd, is capable of being expelled from them by heat, and is strongly imbibed from the atmosphere by metals reducing to oxyds. If air be confined over boiling mercury, the surface of the mercury will calcine into red globules, and the air will be diminished, and its residuum noxious—the globules heated in a glass retort will give back the vital air they had imbibed, and this being mixed with the noxious residuum, will give the mixture of the same purity as at first. From nitre, or manganese, minium or any oxyd, moistened with an acid, vital air is expelled by heat; to the basis of this air (or its oxygen) iron has a particular affinity; therefore ignited iron put in a jar of this air, has its caloric and light disengaged so rapidly as to dazzle the sight! In this experiment the iron acquires weight, is reduced to finery cinder, and the remaining air is said to have lost the same weight the iron has acquired.—This wonderful air is absorbed by the blood in breathing, and contributes to its red colour:—hence ex-

pired air is very different from inspired air, being azotic and carbonic in coming from the lungs, and having deposited part of its oxygen and latent heat in the blood. Hence the difference of colour in the venal and arterial blood—the danger of breathing azotic or mephitic air—and the cures performed by breathing air duly oxygenated.—This air is also procured by exposing fresh leaves in an inverted glass of water, to light.

From the smoke, putrid effluvia, calcination of metals, and breathing of animals, the air must be continually contaminating and unfitting for respiration. Providence has wisely made the vegetable kingdom the cure for this evil; for plants imbibe nutrition from putrid and azotic air at their leaves, as may be seen by the superior vigour in plants growing near large cities; by their growing on walls without earth, and by green plants put in noxious air, which imbibe nourishment, and cure the air at the same time,

LECTURE VI.

Hydrostatics.

THIS branch of philosophy treats of the *nature, gravity, pressure, and motion of fluids* in general, and of weighing solids in them. *Water* is believed to consist of *round and hard* particles; this seems proved by putting salt in water without increasing its *bulk*; by the *round* pores of aquatic plants; and the *Florentine experiment*, which forces water through the pores of a copper ball: hence 'tis evident *there are vacuities in fluids*. No fluid can be pressed into a *less space* than it naturally possesses, except *air* and *steam*.

Fluids are said to be *perfect* or *imperfect*, as their parts slide with more or less ease over one another, therefore quicksilver is a most perfect fluid. Water being of the *imperfect* kind is seldom *pure*: It adheres to any substance it meets with, mixes with its particles, and thence becomes impregnated with whatever *strata* it runs over: Hence water impregnated with lime-stone, and oosing slowly amongst mosses, leaves, &c.—as the water evaporates, the

stony matter adheres to these substances, and assuming their shapes, gives that variety of whimsical petrifications we meet with.

Water being *incompressible* will not be more *dense* at the *bottom* than the *top* of the sea; but will have the wonderful property of pressing *upwards* and *sideways*, as forcible as *downwards*, in proportion to its *perpendicular height* without any regard to its *quantity*; for as each particle is quite free to move towards that part on which the pressure is *least*; no particle or quantity of a fluid can be at rest till it is *every way equally pressed*. A fluid may therefore be conceived as made up of *perpendicular columns of particles*, and as divided into *imaginary surfaces* each an inch or more from one another, the lowest pressed with the weight of *all* the rest, &c. hence the pipe fixed under the *most* surfaces will discharge the *most* water, &c.

To prove that fluids press in all manner of directions alike, take *glass tubes*, open at both ends, but bent into all kinds of angles; if these be put in water nearly to their tops, the water will rise in them to its own level. Or take a vessel full of water, with a hole at the *bottom of its side*, of the same size as one in its *bottom*, and the two holes will be found to discharge the same quantity of the fluid in the same time.

That fluids press in proportion to their depth, without any regard to their quantity, is evident, 1. From a *bladder* tied flaccid over one end of an open *cylinder of glass*, if water be poured into it the bladder will bulge *downwards*; if then it be immersed in a vessel of water till the surface of the water within the cylinder be *even* with that in the vessel, the bladder will then be *flattish* as if it were not pressed at all, for indeed it is then pressed equally. If the cylinder be plunged *deeper*, the bladder will be pressed *upwards*, shewing that bodies swim merely by the force of the pillars of water under them endeavouring to rise to their level. 2. *Lead* is about 11 and three-quarter times heavier than its bulk of water; if therefore a piece be held tight to the mouth of a cylinder (open at both ends), by a string within the cylinder, and let down into water above 11 times its thickness, the string may be loosed, and the upward pressure of the water will hold the lead to the cylinder; but if the cylinder and the lead be raised till the lead

is not 11 and three-quarter times its thickness below the surface of the water, it will then fall off and sink. 3. If a cube of 34 inches, open at one end, and filled with quicksilver, have its open end immersed in a bason of quicksilver, hung so by strings that it may be *let down* into a deep vessel of water, according to the depth the vessel is *sunk*, the mercury will *rise a fourteenth part* in the tube, and demonstrate that quicksilver is fourteen times heavier than water. 4. If lead with a *flat upper side* be laid on the bottom of a vessel, and a piece of *flat* wood be held on while the vessel is filling with water; if no water can get in between the lead and the wood to form an *upward pressure*, the wood will be held on the lead by its own weight and that of the water upon it. 5. If an *empty bottle*, just made so heavy as to sink in water, be corked, and suspended at one end of a balance, and, with its cork pulled out, be immersed in water and filled, it will require as *much weight* in the opposite scale to pull it up, as will weigh all the water in it, which shews that fluids weigh just as much in their *own* element as out of it. 6. If a small tube 30 inches long, be open at both ends, and to one end (bent to a right angle) has a *large bladder* tied; if then the bladder be put in a box, and a board be laid on it with 25 or 30lb. weight upon it, and water be poured into the tube, the bladder will raise the weights, though the bore of the tube should be so small as not to hold an ounce of water. 7. *The pressure of a fluid upon the bottoms of all vessels whatever, is proportional to their bases and perpendicular height, without any regard to the quantities they contain;* for if on a loose piston suspended on a balance, a column of water of a foot be weighed, it will be found to weigh as much as a column of water of the same height, though contained in a hanging vessel that holds ten times as much. 8. If a *small tube* be joined to a *very large one*, and the whole be bent in the bottom so that the two parts may be either *parallel*, or make *any angle*, water may be poured into *either tube*, and it will just rise as high in the *other*, even though one should contain ten thousand times as much as the other does: This also shews that fluids press in proportion to their perpendicular heights, without any regard to their quantities; that water in pipes will ascend to the *level of the spring* whence it came; and that *jets or fountains* would rise the

same height, if not obstructed by angular turnings, and the resistance of the air into which they play.

Smoke does not rise into air, because the air where it is produced is heavier; it is carried up a chimney by heated air passing through and over the fire, and being cooled above the chimney, subsides into the streets and houses, in soot and dust; if the small neck of a bolthead, full of water, be immersed in a glass of wine, the lighter wine will ascend into the bolthead, and the heavier water descend into the glass. For the same reason, a body specifically (or bulk for bulk) heavier than water will sink in it; a body of the same weight will lie indifferently anywhere in it; and one specifically lighter will of course swim in it.

Smoke is forced up a chimney by the air in the room pressing to the rarefied air in the chimney;—hence, the patent stoves, contracting the fire-place, oblige the air to rush in with great violence, and thereby it overcomes more effectually any wind that forces the smoke down the chimney.—Kitchen, or other open chimnies, are very liable to smoke with winds coming over, or blowing against a taller house, church, tree, &c.—because the smoke rising very slow and languidly in the open air, or wide chimnies, is easily puffed down by the wind, if a ventilator or feathered covering do not prevent it.

If a stick be counterpoised on a scale-beam by water, and after that immersed in a vessel full of water, it will cause so much of the water to flow over the brim as will be supplied by that in the opposite scale: Hence it is evident a ship displaces just so much water in the sea as is equal to its own weight and cargo: And hence also the strength of wood may be judged of; for if a piece of oak of a foot long be immersed in a narrow vessel of water, it will be found to sink about eight-tenths of its length; beech about seven-tenths; mahogany seven-tenths, &c.

A solid body, heavier than its bulk in water, will lose just so much of its weight when suspended in it, as its bulk of water weighs: But the weight lost by the solid is communicated to the fluid. Hence if the weight of a body in air be divided by what it loses in a fluid, the quotient will shew how much heavier it is than its bulk of that fluid, or its specific gravity. By this trial, pure gold is found to be

19,637 times as heavy as its bulk of water: *Guinea gold* 17,793 times as heavy; but pure platina is from 22 to 24 times as heavy as its bulk of water: *Quicksilver*, 14 times; *Lead*, 11,325 times: *Standard-silver*, 10,535: *Copper*, 9: *Plate-brass*, 8: *Steel*, 785: *Iron*, 7,645: and *Block-tin*, 732. A cubic inch of brass loses about 233 and one third grains of its aerial weight in water: In proof spirits it loses 235 grains; therefore a cubic inch of water weighs 279 and one third; and a cubic inch proof spirits 235 grains: And the specific gravities of *pure spirits*, *proof spirits*, and *water* are as 840,923 and 1000. From hence may be conceived the use of the hydrostatic balance.

A pipe fixed *four times* as deep below the surface of a fluid as another of the same diameter, will discharge *twice* as much in the same time; if *nine times* as deep, it will discharge *three times* as much, &c. agreeably to the square root of the depth: And the *velocity* with which a fluid spouts at any depth below the surface, is equal to that which a body falling *that height* would acquire. Pipes also discharge a fluid (when placed at equal depths below the surface) agreeably to the squares of their diameters, i. e. a pipe *twice* the diameter of another will discharge *four times* as much of the fluid, in the same time; *thrice* the diameter, *nine times* as much; *four times* the diameter, *sixteen times* as much, &c. A short pipe in the bottom of a cistern will discharge one-third more water than a hole of the same bore in the same time.

The pressure of water against banks, the sides of containing vessels, &c. is in the proportion of falling bodies, viz. if the pressure against the first inch deep of the vessel be one pound; it will be three pounds pressure upon the inch below that; five pounds against the inch below that; seven pounds against the inch below, &c. so that pressure against banks, flood-gates, &c. is as the square of the depth, i. e. if the pressure be one pound against the uppermost inch, it will be four pounds against two inches deep; nine pounds against three inches deep; sixteen pounds against four inches deep; twenty-five pounds against five inches deep, &c.

Fluids *press*, or *resist*, according to their *density*; and hence a boat will carry more on *salt* than *fresh* water. The *hydrometer* is meant to shew this; it is buoyed up by

salt and water mixed with vinegar, &c. but sinks in wine, spirits, &c. according to their lightness; and hence it is used for trying the lightness or strength of liquors; though heat, cold, and mixtures, make this a very fallacious instrument.

A *syphon* acts agreeably to that *equal state* which nature affects through all her operations; it will not run unless the height of water in the *outer leg* be greater than that of the *inner leg* above the water in which it is immersed; as the water falls, therefore, from the *outer leg*, it will make a continued *vacuum*, and of course the *pressure of the atmosphere* on the surface of the water will force it through the syphon in a *continued stream*, if kept free from that lodgement of air which frequently takes place on the top of the syphon. By the *Tantalus cup*, and *fountain at command*, the cause of *intermitting springs* is explained thus:

Clouds, being attracted by the mountains, give a continued supply to those reservoirs of water which are frequently found in the bowels of mountains, and which supply *springs* in general: But should the channel from one of these reservoirs be formed like a *syphon*, of course the spring which proceeds from it will *ebb* and *flow* like the sea, but by no means so regularly.

The action of the *common pump* depends on the *pressure of the atmosphere*. When the piston is drawn up, the column of air upon it is also lifted, and a vacuum is formed underneath it, the pressure of the atmosphere on the well will then force the water up the pump 33 feet, but not higher; which shews that a column of water of *that* height is equal to the weight of a column of air, of the same thickness, reaching from the earth's surface to the top of the atmosphere. Therefore at any distance above the surface of the well, less than 33 feet, the piston will work, and water from thence may be lifted to any height whatever, if the pump be strong enough. In a *forcing pump*, the piston is a *solid plunger*; it raises the water above the sucking-valve as in the last, but when the plunger descends (as the water cannot return through the valve back again) the plunger forces it into a larger air vessel, which communicates with the body of the pump above the sucking-valve; and as by this force the air in the vessel becomes condensed,

its re-action on the water causes it to flow through a small pipe in a continued stream. The engine for extinguishing fires consists of two such forcing pumps, with their air vessels.

The *lifting pump* can only be used in deep water, as its piston is worked by a rod going in at the bottom, and fastened to a frame coming up each side of the pump: This piston has a valve opening upward, and it works below the surface of the water in which the pump is immersed, and thence has no occasion for the air's pressure, or a sucking-valve. This pump is generally equipt with an air vessel as the last. On this principle engines are made for raising water above the level of rivers or springs, but if three pumps are worked in any engine by a tripple crank, and all of them throw their water into one pipe, there is no occasion for an air vessel, because there will be always one or other of the pistons acting, so as to force the water out in a regular stream.

Archimedes' screw pump raises water by its endeavour to fall—it is three or four hollow threads for a screw wound round a solid cylinder; it must rise out of the water sloping, so that the threads may all incline downwards; then, when it is turned round, water will rise in it, but to no great height.

The *upright cylindrical mill*, by Dr. Barker, is a tall tube of wood or metal, twenty feet high, and about five inches diameter; it stands on a point perpendicularly, and has to its bottom two or more horizontal arms, or tubes, fixed, of about six feet long, communicating with the upright tube, and perforated with holes, one in each arm and on the same side in each; through these holes the water which flows in at top, spouts out, and giving a push to the air, and preventing the water's pressure on that side the arm, forces the whole machine round, and carries a millstone at top, or pumps, or any thing else capable of being moved by a circular motion. This, however, is rather a hydraulick curiosity than useful.

The *bucket engine*, for raising water by pumps out of mines, &c. is well calculated for situations where the stream that carries it has three yards of fall, and is too small to carry a wheel: The bucket hangs on one end of a beam like that of a fire engine; and at half the distance

thence to the fulcrum hangs the pump rods; on the other end of the beam hangs the counterpoise, rather heavier than the empty bucket, and a column of water on the piston; but when the bucket is filled by the stream, *it* is heavier, and descends; the bucket hangs on centres a little on one side its centre of gravity, so that one side is heavier when empty, and the other when full, and being unlocked by its descent, its unequal poise turns and empties it; and then, it ascends and opens a valve which again lets the stream into it, and makes it descend again. This motion works the pumps.

Two forcing pumps, for supplying houses with water, are also worked by an engine of similar principles, but with still greater simplicity: A beam inclining downwards to each end from the centre on which it hangs, has a trough cut in it, from a division in the middle down to each end, where buckets are fixed for receiving the water that works it, and which flows into the trough, first on one side the division, and then on the other, as the ends rise and fall: When one bucket descends, the valve in its bottom falls on a pin, which opens it, and lets out the water; meanwhile the stream is filling the other bucket, which, when full, descends in like manner, and each end works a forcing pump.

Several models to shew how a ship may pump herself.

The *fire* (or rather *steam*) engine, is one of the noblest presents that art has made to the necessities of mankind! When the particles of *water* are separated by heat, they compose an *elastic vapour* called *steam*; this vapour is capable of occupying 14,000 times the *space* it did in its state of *cold water*; it is of force sufficient to drive away the air, and it may be condensed or brought back to water again by *cold*. Hence a long hollow *cylinder* of iron communicates with a huge and close *boiler*, half filled with water, by a neck which can be opened or shut by a sliding valve, called a *regulator*: The *cylinder* is exactly fitted by a *piston* made *air-tight*, that hangs on one end of a *beam* of timber about 20 feet long, and suspended on a centre like a scale-beam; at the other end of the beam hang the *rods* which work the *pumps* in the bottom of the *mine*, and

throw up a part of the water into a *reservoir* on the top of the building: From this *reservoir* there comes a *pipe* under and through the bottom of the *cylinder*, that by opening the cock (called the *injection cock*) plays a *jet* of cold water into the *cylinder* to condense the steam; after which this water falls through a pipe (with a valve opening outward) and forms the *hot-well*: Another pipe also, with a valve outward, called the *snifted valve*, is fixed near the bottom of the cylinder, and serves to let out the *air* or *steam* without letting it return. The *regulator*, or *injection cock*, is alternately opened and shut by a piece of timber hanging from the large beam; and a stream is let into the *boiler*, or stopped by a floating *copper ball* in the boiler, that regulates the height of the water. If now a *large fire* be put under the boiler, and the steam be let into the cylinder by opening the regulator, it will drive out the air, and possess the space itself; but so soon as the *injection cock* is opened, a *jet* of cold water will play into the steam in the cylinder, and condense it into a few drops; hence a vacuum is formed in the cylinder, and the *pressure of the atmosphere* on the *piston* will force it down to the bottom of it; the steam then being let in again will counteract the air's pressure, and with the weight of the pump rods on the opposite end of the beam, bring up the piston to the top of the cylinder. This action is repeated *fourteen* or *sixteen* times in a minute, and works the pump in the mine. As the *friction* of this machine is very great, instead of reckoning 15lb. pressure on every square inch of the piston, 8lb. will be found nearer. If then the weight of a column of water, the depth of the mine, and the diameter of the pump be calculated, the necessary diameter of the cylinder will be easily found.

The *fire engine with the inverted piston* spares the expense of both a *beam* and *building*; the cylinder, with its open end downwards, stands over the pit or shaft of the mine, the boiler stands by its side, the *injection well* above it, and to its *piston* the *pump rods* are fastened. The *regulator* (of great simplicity) is the *injection cock* also. When the steam is let in at the top of the cylinder, and condensed by the injection water, the *upward* pressure of the atmosphere forces the piston from the bottom to the top of the cylinder, and the weight of the rods, and the strength of the steam, force it back again. This motion works the pumps.

Watt's and Boulton's steam engine condenses the steam, without cooling the cylinder by a jet of cold water, and thereby saves fuel. The steam is produced in a boiler as usual—it passes into a double cylinder, and forces down the piston by its elasticity, for the rod of the cylinder works through a collar of leathers, and therefore the pressure of the atmosphere has nothing to do in this engine. When the piston is at the bottom of the cylinder the steam-cock opens, and by the double cylinder, steam enters both above and below the piston; so that it rises in stagnant steam by the weight of the pump rods acting on the opposite end of the large beam. When the piston arrives at the top of the cylinder, a cock opens that communicates with the vacuum formed in a pond of cold water; this draws the steam from *under* the piston in a most perfect manner; and leaves the piston liable to the pressure of the steam *upon its top*: and as the steam may be made of much stronger pressure than the atmosphere, this engine is proportionably more powerful than the common engine.

VARIETY—FOR THE MAGAZINE.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE VARIOUS SORTS OF STYLE.

[From the *Observer*.]

THE celebrated author of the *Rambler* in his concluding paper says, *I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms and irregular combinations: something perhaps I have added to the elegance of its construction, and something to the harmony of its cadence.* I hope our language hath gained all the profit, which the labours of this meritorious writer were exerted to produce: in style of a certain description he undoubtedly excels; but though I think there is much in his essays for a reader to admire, I should not recommend them as a model for a disciple to copy.

Simplicity, ease and perspicuity should be the first objects of a young writer: Addison and other authors of his class

will furnish him with examples, and assist him in the attainment of these excellencies ; but after all, the style, in which a man shall write, will not be formed by imitation only ; it will be the style of his mind ; it will assimilate itself to his mode of thinking, and take its colour from the complexion of his ordinary discourse, and the company he consorts with. As for that distinguishing characteristic, which the ingenious essayist terms very properly *the harmony of its cadence* ; that I take to be incommunicable and immediately dependant upon the ear of him who models it. This *harmony of cadence* is so strong a mark of discrimination between authors of note in the world of letters, that we can depose to a style, whose modulation we are familiar with, almost as confidently as to the hand-writing of a correspondent. But though I think there will be found in the periods of every established writer a certain peculiar tune, (whether harmonious or otherwise) which will depend rather upon the natural ear than upon the imitative powers, yet I would not be understood to say that the study of good models can fail to be of use in the first formation of it. When a subject presents itself to the mind, and thoughts arise, which are to be committed to writing, it is then for a man to choose whether he will express himself in simple or in elaborate diction, whether he will compress his matter or dilate it, ornament it with epithets and robe it in metaphor, or whether he will deliver it plainly and naturally in such language as a well-bred person and a scholar would use, who affects no parade of speech, nor aims at any flights of fancy. Let him decide as he will, in all these cases he hath models in plenty to choose from, which may be said to court his imitation.

For instance ; if his ambition is to glitter and surprise with the figurative and metaphorical brilliancy of his period, let him tune his ear to some such passages as the following, where *Doctor Johnson* in the character of critic and biographer is pronouncing upon the poet *Congreve*. " His scenes exhibit not much of humour, imagery or passion : his personages are a kind of intellectual gladiators ; every sentence is to ward or strike ; the contest of smartness is never intermitted ; his wit is a meteor playing to and fro with alternate coruscations." If he can learn to embroider with as much splendor, taste and address as this and many other samples from the same master exhibit, he cannot study in a better school.

On the contrary, if simplicity be his object, and a certain serenity of style, which seems in unison with the soul, he may open the *Spectator*, and take from the first paper of Mr. Addison the first paragraph, that meets his eye—the following for instance—"There is nothing that makes its way more directly to the soul than *beauty*, which immediately diffuses a secret satisfaction and complacency through the imagination, and gives a finishing to any thing that is great or uncommon: the very first discovery of it strikes the mind with an inward joy, and spreads a cheerfulness and delight through all its faculties." Or again in the same essay: "We no where meet with a more glorious or pleasing show in nature than what appears in the heavens at the rising and setting of the sun, which is wholly made up of those different stains of light, that show themselves in clouds of a different situation." A florid writer would hardly have resisted the opportunities, which here court the imagination to indulge its flights, whereas few writers of any sort would have been tempted on a topic merely critical to have employed such figurative and splendid diction, as that of Doctor Johnson; these little samples therefore, though selected with little or no care, but taken as they came to hand, may serve to exemplify my meaning, and in some degree characterize the different styles of the respective writers.

Now as every student, who is capable of copying either of these styles, or even of comparing them, must discern on which side the greater danger of miscarrying lies, as well as the greater disgrace in case of such miscarriage, prudence will direct him in his outset not to hazard the attempt at a florid diction. If his ear hath not been vitiated by vulgar habitudes, he will only have to guard against mean expressions, whilst he is studying to be simple and perspicuous; he will put his thoughts into language naturally as they present themselves, giving them for the present little more than mere grammatical correction; afterwards, upon a closer review, he will polish those parts that seem rude, harmonize them where they are unequal, compress what is too diffusive, raise what is low, and attune the whole to that general cadence, which seems most grateful to his ear.

But if our student hath been smitten with the turbulent oratory of the senate, the acrimonious declamation of the bar, or the pompous eloquence of the pulpit, and shall take the lofty speakers in these several orders for his models, rather than such as address the ear in humbler tones, his passions will in that case hurry him into the florid and figurative style, to a sublime and swelling period; and if in this he excels, it must be owned he accomplishes a great and arduous task, and he will gain a liberal share of applause from the world, which in general is apt to be captivated with those high and towering images, that strike and surprize the senses. In this style the Hebrew prophets write, "whose discourse" (to use the words of the learned *Doctor Bentley*) "after the genius of the eastern nations, is thick set with metaphor and allegory; the same bold comparisons and dithyrambick liberty of style every where occurring—For when *the Spirit of God came upon them*, and breathed a new warmth and vigour through all the powers of the body and soul; when by the influx of Divine light the whole scene of Christ's heavenly kingdom was represented to their view, so that their hearts were ravished with joy, and their imaginations turgid and pregnant with the glorious ideas; then surely, if ever, their style would be strong and lofty, full of allusions to all that is great and magnificent in the kingdoms of this world. (*Commencement Sermon.*)—And these flights of imagination, these effusions of rapture and sublimity will occasionally be found in the pulpit eloquence of some of our most correct and temperate writers; witness that brilliant apostrophe at the conclusion of the ninth discourse of *Bishop Sherlock*, than whom few or none have written with more didactic brevity and simplicity—"Go," (says he to the Deists) "go to your natural religion: Lay before her Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and tens of thousands, who fell by his victorious sword: Shew her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirements; shew her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives; let her see his adultery, and hear him alledge revelation and his divine

commission to justify his lust and oppression. When she is tired with this prospect, then shew her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men, patiently instructing both the ignorant and perverse; let her see him in his most retired privacies; let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God; carry her to his table to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse: Let her see him injured but not provoked, let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies; Lead her to his cross, and let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors—*Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.*"

This is a lofty passage in the high imperative tone of declamation; it is richly coloured, boldly contrasted and replete with imagery, and is amongst the strongest of those instances, where the orator addresses himself to the senses and passions of his hearers: But let the disciple tread this path with caution; let him wait the call, and be sure he has an occasion worthy of his efforts before he makes them.

Allegory, personification and metaphor will press upon his imagination at certain times, but let him soberly consult his judgement in those moments, and weigh their fitness before he admits them into his style. As for allegory, it is at best but a kind of fairy form; it is hard to naturalize it, and it will rarely fill a graceful part in any manly composition. With respect to personification, as I am speaking of prose only, it is but an exotic ornament, and may be considered rather as the loan of the muses than as the property of prose; let our student therefore beware how he borrows the feathers of the jay, lest his unnatural finery should only serve to make him pointed at and despised. Metaphor, on the other hand, is common property, and he may take his share of it, provided he has discretion not to abuse his privilege, and neither surfeits the appetite with repletion, nor confounds the palate with too much variety: Let his metaphor be apposite, single and unconfused, and it will serve him as a kind of rhetorical lever to lift and elevate his style above the pitch of ordinary discourse; let him also so apply this machine, as to make it touch in as many points as possible; otherwise it can ne-

ver so poise the weight above it, as to keep it firm and steady on its proper centre.

To give an example of the right use and application of this figure, I again apply to a learned author already quoted—"Our first parents having fallen from their native state of innocence, the tincture of evil, like an hereditary disease, infected all their posterity; and the leaven of sin having once corrupted the whole mass of mankind, all the species ever after would be soured and tainted with it; the vitious ferment perpetually diffusing and propagating itself through all generations."—(*Bentley, Com. Sermon.*)

There will be found also in certain writers a profusion of words, ramifying indeed from the same root, yet rising into climax by their power and importance, which seems to burst forth from the overflow and impetuosity of the imagination; resembling at first sight what *Quintilian* characterises as the *Abundantia Juvenilis*, but which, when tempered by the hand of a master, will upon closer examination be found to bear the stamp of judgement under the appearance of precipitancy. I need only turn to the famous *Commencement Sermon* before quoted, and my meaning will be fully illustrated—"Let them tell us then what is the chain, the cement, the magnetism, what they will call it, the invisible tie of that union, where by matter and an incorporeal mind, things that have no similitude or alliance to each other, can so sympathize by a mutual league of motion and sensation. No; they will not pretend to that, for they can frame no conceptions of it: They are sure there is such an union from the operations and effects, but the cause and the manner of it are too subtle and secret to be discovered by the eye of reason; it is mystery, it is divine magic, it is natural miracle."

A Sicilian physician who commented upon *Galen* affirms, that man might be made immortal; and adds that he would undertake to breed up infants to be so, *qui ad hoc edonei essent! if they were fit for the purpose!*

Coleman, the comedian, died with a fit of apoplexy on the stage while pronouncing these words, *is there not another and a better world!*

The following translation, from the Magasin de Literature, will shew in what estimation the memory of WASHINGTON is had in France.

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

His person is of a middling size, like that of Alexander. He is no more than thirty two or three years of age; and yet he combines the most opposite qualities; a combination which alone can form the great man. With the most impetuous and undaunted valour he associates the most firm and steady composure of mind; with the sublimest conceptions of genius, those stratagems of art which Hannibal formerly practised with so much success against the Romans; with the greatest caution and circumspection in concerting his plans, the most decisive promptness in executing them; with the impetuosity and ardor of youth the experience and maturity of a riper age; with the greatest military abilities, the talents of the most consummate politician and the virtues of the sage; with the ambition for glory and the enterprizing spirit of a conqueror the feelings of humanity and the sentiments of moderation.

The great care bestowed upon his education, a severe application to the practical part of mathematics, the excellent opportunity which the war afforded him for displaying his military talents on the wide theatre of Italy, all these circumstances contributed to bring to light the uncommon abilities of this extraordinary man and has shewn to the world that *France too has her WASHINGTON.*

Horn Tooke, in his diversions of Purley, says that the *Hermes of Harris*, is an improved compilation of almost all the errors which grammarians have been accumulating from the time of Aristotle down to our present days of technical and learned affectation.

Cosmo de 'Medici, was once asked, why he closed his eyes, "that I may perceive more clearly," was his reply.

At an entertainment given by Periander to all the wise men and philosophers of Greece, the question was proposed by one, *which is the most perfect popular government?* That, replied SOLON, where injustice done to an individual is considered as injustice done to the community: That, says BIAS, where the law is supreme: That, says THALES, where there is neither too great wealth nor poverty among the people: That, says ANACHARSIS, where virtue is rewarded and vice punished: Says CLEOBULUS where the people dread blame more than punishment: Says PITTACHUS, where dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous and never upon the wicked; Says CHILO, where law has more respect to belief than the declamations of an orator.

Political effects of the junction between the great monied interest and the philosophical cabals of France. From Burke's reflexions on the revolution in France.

In the meantime, the pride of the wealthy men, not noble or newly noble, encreased with its cause. They felt with resentment an inferiority, the grounds so which they did not acknowledge. There was no measure to which they were not willing to lend themselves, in order to be revenged of the outrages of this rival pride, and to exalt their wealth to what they considered as its natural rank and estimation. They struck at the nobility through the crown and the church. They attacked them particularly on the side on which they thought them the most vulnerable, that is, the possessions of the church, which, through the patronage of the crown, generally devolved upon the nobility. The bishopricks, and the great commendatory abbies, were, with few exceptions, held by that order.

In this state of real, though not always perceived warfare between the noble antient landed interest, and the new monied interest, the greatest because the most applicable strength was in the hands of the latter. The monied interest is in its nature more ready for any adventure; and its possessors more disposed to new enterprizes of any kind. Being of a recent acquisition, it falls in more naturally with any novelties. It is therefore the kind of wealth which will be resorted to by all who wish for change.

Along with the monied interest, a new description of men had grown up, with whom that interest soon formed a close and marked union, I mean the political men of letters. Men of letters, fond of distinguishing themselves, are rarely averse to innovation. Since the decline of the life and greatness of Lewis the XIVth, they were not so much cultivated either by him, or by the regent, or the successors to the crown; nor were they engaged to the court by favours and emoluments so systematically as during the splendid period of that ostentatious and not impolitic reign. What they lost in the old court protection, they endeavoured to make up by joining in a sort of incorporation of their own; to which the two academies of France, and afterwards the vast undertaking of the Encyclopædia, carried on by a society of these gentlemen, did not a little contribute.

The literary cabal had some years ago formed something like a regular plan for the destruction of the Christian religion. This object they pursued with a degree of zeal which hitherto had been discovered only in the propagators of some system of piety. They were possessed with a spirit of proselytism in the most fanatical degree; and from thence, by an easy progress, with the spirit of persecution according to their means. What was not to be done towards their great end by any direct or immediate act, might be wrought by a longer process through the medium of opinion. To command that opinion, the first step is to establish a dominion over those who direct it. They contrived to possess themselves, with great method and perseverance, of all the avenues to literary fame. Many of them indeed stood high in the ranks of literature and science. The world had done them justice; and in favour of general talents forgave the evil tendency of their peculiar principles. This was true liberality; which they returned by endeavouring to confine the reputation of sense, learning, and taste to themselves or their followers. I will venture to say that this narrow, exclusive spirit has not been less prejudicial to literature and to taste, than to morals and true philosophy. These Atheistical fathers have a bigotry of their own; and they have learnt to talk against monks with the spirit of a monk. But in some things they are men of the world. The resources of intrigue are called

in to supply the defects of argument and wit. To this system of literary monopoly was joined an unremitting industry to blacken and discredit in every way, and by every means, all those who did not hold to their faction. To those who have observed the spirit of their conduct, it has long been clear that nothing was wanted but the power of carrying the intolerance of the tongue and of the pen into a persecution which would strike at property, liberty, and life.

The desultory and faint persecution carried on against them, more from compliance with form and decency than with serious resentment, neither weakened their strength, nor relaxed their efforts. The issue of the whole was, that what with opposition, and what with success, a violent and malignant zeal, of a kind hitherto unknown in the world, had taken an entire possession of their minds, and rendered their whole conversation, which otherwise would have been pleasing and instructive, perfectly disgusting. A spirit of cabal, intrigue, and proselytism, pervaded all their thoughts, words, and actions. And as controversial zeal soon turns its thoughts on force, they began to insinuate themselves into a correspondence with foreign princes; in hopes, through their authority, which at first they flattered, they might bring about the changes they had in view. To them it was indifferent whether these changes were to be accomplished by the thunderbolt of despotism, or by the earthquake of popular commotion. The correspondence between this cabal, and the late king of Prussia, will throw no small light upon the spirit of all their proceedings.* For the same purpose for which they intrigued with princes, they cultivated, in a distinguished manner, the monied interest of France; and partly through the means furnished by those whose peculiar offices gave them the most extensive and certain means of communication, they carefully occupied all the avenues to opinion.

Writers, especially when they act in a body, and with one direction, have great influence on the public mind;

** I do not choose to shock the feeling of the moral reader with any quotation of their vulgar, base, and profane language.*

the alliance therefore of these writers with the monied interest had no small effect in removing the popular odium and envy which attended that species of wealth. These writers, like the propagators of all novelties, pretended to a great zeal for the poor, and the lower orders, whilst in their satires they rendered hateful, by every exaggeration, the faults of courts, of nobility, and of priesthood. They became a sort of demagogues. They served as a link to unite, in favour of one object, obnoxious wealth to restless and desperate poverty.

As these two kinds of men appear principal leaders in all the late transactions, their junction and politics will serve to account, not upon any principles of law or of policy, but as a *cause*, for the general fury with which all the landed property of ecclesiastical corporations has been attacked; and the great care which, contrary to their pretended principles, has been taken, of a monied interest originating from the authority of the crown. All the envy against wealth and power, was artificially directed against other descriptions of riches. On what other principles than that which I have stated can we account for an appearance so extraordinary and unnatural as that of the ecclesiastical possessions, which had stood so many successions of ages and shocks of civil violences, and were guarded at once by justice, and by prejudice, being applied to the payment of debts, comparatively recent, invidious, and contracted by a decried and subverted government?

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM J. KLAPP, M. D.

Dated, Philadelphia, Sept. 10, 1809.

A very singular case of a human monster has for some time past been in my possession, consisting of two female children, which were born *alive* in Bucks county Pennsylvania. They are united deeply to each other from the umbilical region upwards, possessing a large body, neck, face, and head, common to both.—The monster lived only about fifteen minutes. In the next number of the Medical Museum you will see an account of this wonderful object, with an engraving by Lawson, containing two of its most curious and interesting views.

Anecdotes relative to Dean Swift's treatment of Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Vanhomrigh; from literary relics, by G. M. Berkeley, esquire.

I AM now come to the only part of Swift's conduct which is, in my opinion, deserving of censure; I mean his treatment of Stella and Vanessa. But be it remembered, that censure, though merited, should be proportionate to the crime. Had the Dean's accusers taken the trouble of candidly investigating all the circumstances relative to that double connection, they might possibly have found the unfortunate lover not wholly undeserving of pity.

But before I proceed to inquire how far the treatment Stella experienced *was or was not* excusable, I shall inform my reader *who* Stella *really was*. On this point *all* the biographers of Swift have been misinformed. The following account I received in a letter from Mrs. Hearn, niece to the celebrated Mrs. Johnson, and who resided at Brighton near Alresford, Hants, with her daughter Mrs. Harrison, the wife of a most respectable clergyman of that name.

"Mrs. Esther Johnson, better known by the name of
"Stella, was born at Richmond in Surry on the 13th of
"March 1681. Her father was a merchant, and the younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire. He
"died young, and left his widow with three children, a
"son and two daughters. Whilst Mrs. Johnson lived at
"Richmond, she had the happiness of becoming first acquainted with Lady Gifford, the sister of Sir William
"Temple. The uncommon endowments, both of body
"and mind, which Mrs. Johnson certainly possessed in an
"high degree, soon gained her not only the esteem but the
"warm friendship of that excellent lady; a friendship
"which lasted till death. As they seldom were apart, and
"lady Gifford lived much with her brother Sir William, it
"was through her that Mrs. Johnson and her two daughters
"(her son dying young) were brought to the knowledge
"and friendship of Sir William Temple and his lady; who
"discovering so many excellencies, and such fine parts, in
"the *little Hetty*, as she was always called in the Temple
"family, so far took upon themselves the care of her education as to bring her up with their own niece, the late Mrs.

“ Temple of Moor Park by Farnham—a most acceptable
“ piece of kindness and friendship this to the mother, whose
“ little fortune had been greatly injured by the South Sea
“ bubbles. And here it was that Dr. Swift first became
“ acquainted with Stella, and commenced that attachment
“ which terminated in their marriage. The cause why that
“ marriage was not owned to the world has never been tho-
“ roughly explained. It is the opinion, however, of her own
“ family, that their finances not being equal to the style in
“ which the Dean wished to move, as a married man, could
“ be the only one ; Stella’s own fortune being only £. 1,500,
“ one thousand of which, as a farther mark of friendship,
“ was left her by Sir William Temple himself. It was Dr.
“ Swift’s wish at last to have owned his marriage ; but find-
“ ing herself declining very fast, Stella did not choose to
“ alter her mode of life, and besides fully intended coming
“ over to England to her mother.”

If we attentively survey the situation of Swift from the first moment of his connection with the far-famed object of his wishes to the period immediately preceding her death, we shall be at a loss to point out the time when, consistently with the dictates of prudence, he could have united himself with his amiable mistress.

From the promised munificence of king William, he received nothing but disappointment. After his retirement from Moor Park till his connection with lord Berkeley, he had no prospect of preferment. On his promotion to the deanery of St. Patrick, a system of the severest economy was necessary to liquidate the debt contracted by a long and vexatious attendance on ministry ; at the same time that a certain degree of state was a necessary appendage to his station.

To the union of Swift and Stella there was, however, at one period of their connection, a much more formidable obstacle than any that could have arisen from prudence. It is with reluctance I proceed ; but during one of the Dean’s long ministerial attendances in London, commenced his acquaintance with Vanessa.

This lady possessed wit, youth, beauty, a competent share of wealth, and *universal* admiration. Thus decorated, she offered herself a willing victim at the shrine of Swift, by whose genius she was completely fascinated.

To behold, without emotion, such a sacrifice, was hardly to be expected from man. But to the honour of Swift be it remembered, that though allured by such attractions as were indeed at once most rare and powerful, he made a long and obstinate defence; and when the death of the queen exiled him as it were from England, he used all the force of argument to prevail on Vanessa to smother the destructive flame she had so long nourished in her bosom, and which he wisely apprehended, would at some future period kindle a conflagration, from which effects the most fatal were justly to be dreaded. Dazzled at *first* by the splendor of his conquest, he was prevented from seeing his own conduct in a proper point of view; but when the death of the queen reminded him that Ireland was to be the scene of his remaining years, the thought of wounding her whom he had invited to that country, by the presence of her rival, shocked the delicacy of his feelings; whilst the idea of Stella, neglected and forsaken, returned with redoubled force, and once more possessed itself of his mind.

Yet at the moment when he recommended to Vanessa forgetfulness of the past, it is certain he taught what he could not practise, and that which was *right* was preferred to what was *pleasant*. In the eye of justice, the claims of Stella were highly forcible. She had, at an early period of life, yielded her affections to the assiduities of Swift. To enjoy his society, she had sacrificed her country and her connections, and had fixed her abode in a part of the world where people were by no means inclined to put the best construction on the face of things.

In circumstances like these, to have *finally* deserted Stella was a piece of cruelty and of villainy of which her lover was utterly incapable. His return to Ireland certainly lessened her anxiety, and rendered her situation more tolerable than it could be during his absence. Whatever she might think of the state of his affections, she was at least in a situation to attempt the recovery of them; and though disappointment had killed the roses of youth, yet her conversation was still attractive, her mind cultivated, and her manners gentle. But the arrival of the unfortunate Vanessa soon violated the tranquillity of Stella. The anxiety inseparable from such a situation as hers preyed on her spirits, and materially affected her health.

Swift, shocked at the effects his own inconstancy was likely to produce, requested Bishop Ash, the common friend of *both*, to inquire from Stella what could restore her former peace of mind. Her answer was to this effect, "That for many years she had patiently borne the tongue of slander; but that hitherto she had been cheered by the hope of one day becoming his wife: that of such an event she now saw no probability; and that, consequently, her memory would be transmitted to posterity branded with the most unmerited obloquy."

Swift, in his reply to this declaration, observed, that "in early life he had laid down two maxims with respect to matrimony: The *first* was, never to marry unless possessed of a competency: the *second*, unless this was the case at such a period of life as afforded him a probable prospect of living to educate his family; but yet, since her happiness depended on his marrying her, he would directly comply with her wishes on the following terms: That it should remain a secret from all the world, unless the discovery were called for by some *urgent necessity*; and that they should continue in separate houses."

To these terms Stella readily acceded; and in 1716 they were married by the Bishop of Clogher, who himself related the circumstance to Bishop Berkeley, by whose relict the story was communicated to *me*.

Swift, by marrying Stella at a time when it is pretty certain he ceased to entertain for her any very impassioned sentiments, is one proof that he thought the laws of honour entitled to the strictest observance. He saw, when it was too late, the error of this conduct towards that amiable woman, and made reparation; though, to be sure, his declining to acknowledge her was a step that cannot be justified, and which must be attributed merely to that love of singularity, which in a greater or less degree is inseparable from genius.

With respect to Vanessa I have little to say. Whilst, in justice to Swift, I cannot refrain from observing, that the first advances came from her, I should not forbear recalling to the reader's recollection what is remarked a few pages back, that when Vanessa selected Cadenus for her lover, she was universally followed and admired; and whatever construction may be put on a celebrated poem, which it is to be wished

had never seen the light, I shall venture to assert, that the passion she entertained for Swift was perfectly innocent. She knew of no engagement to prevent their union; and to obtain that union was the sole object of her wishes.—Although the encouragement she gave to Swift might be rather inconsistent with the etiquette observed by all *prudent* and *experienced* women when in a state of courtship; yet for this inattention it is by no means right to brand her memory with the severest obloquy.

With respect to the Dean's conduct towards this lady, no other apology can be offered than this: That the violence of the passion which he entertained for her, blinded him to the fatal effects that were likely to arise from such a connection; and that he found himself unexpectedly in a situation where *perseverance* was *wrong*, and where *retreat* was *impossible*. Swift has been severely blamed for continuing his connection with Vanessa after his marriage with Stella: But be it remembered, that though in this point he erred, his motive was such as, though it could not justify, certainly palliated, the crime. He wanted resolution mortally to wound the peace of one who loved so well. Justice and nature contested the point; and those who in this instance may censure, cannot regret the triumph of the latter. It is likewise more than probable, that one of the motives which induced Swift to conceal his marriage, was a wish to spare Vanessa so severe a pang; the effects produced by the discovery of that fatal secret were foreseen, and are too well known to need recapitulation. Her last will declared what her feelings were: Her appointing Swift's most intimate friend, Bishop Berkeley, to be one of the executioners of her vengeance, shows the violence of her resentment. At the same time, had the hour of Vanessa's dissolution been less rapid in its approach, had death allowed the storm of passion time to subside, it is more than probable she would have recalled her order respecting the publication of their mutual correspondence. Her passions were violent, and consequently would have been short-lived. Her heart was tender, and her sensibility great; whilst her mind was possessed of a degree of strength not always to be found amongst the fair sex; and her talents, in many points, eclipsed those of her unfortunate rival.

For the Monthly Magazine.

SEE yon hall, which with groves of tall poplars surrounded,
Has once been the mansion of sweet smiling peace ;
Thro' its groves has the song of gay mirth oft resounded,
And floated full oft, on the mild ev'ning breeze.

It's inmates were kind, were humane, and benignant,
Full oft did they sooth the poor beggar's keen woes ;
But by treachery's dark workings, most foul and malignant,
They fell—and the grass on their graves proudly grows.

On the night of their doom, the owl hoarsely screaming
And the thunder's loud roll, boded danger was nigh ;
The lightning's fierce glance thro' yon forest was gleaming,
And big were the clouds which encircled the sky.

Since then has no trav'ller e'er ventured to visit
That hall, once the seat of contentment and joy ;
Both peasant and trav'ller, alike wander from it,
And to shun its lone walls, ev'ry care they employ.

For 'tis said, that at midnight fierce demons assemble,
And with shrieks, make the lone silent chambers resound ;
Their shrieks are terrific, the mould'ring walls tremble,
While the loud howling thunder rolls dreadfully round.

Then the blue glim'ring lights from the casements are
streaming
And the black forms of murd'ers glide shrieking along ;
The demons pursue them, still frantically screaming,
And sink with their victims, dread regions among.

Oh ! beware, all ye children of frail transient mortals,
And let not your steps in the paths of guilt stray ;
Oh shun yonder hall's dark and wide spreading portals,
Lest its glooms overcast the bright rays of your day.

LORENZO,

For the Monthly Magazine.

AUTUMN.

THE giant Autumn, thund'ring from afar,
Yokes his fierce coursers to his ice-built car;
With distant murmurings in yon boreal sky,
Wakes his young storms and bids them onward fly;
Waves his dread symbols o'er the shivering land,
And blasts gay nature with his withering wand.
—When o'er the vault of heaven the pallid moon,
Swims through bright ether, and enchants the gloom,
The minion *froast*, with hoary wings unfurl'd,
Rides on the winds, and blasts the blooming world;
Droop, nature droop, chill Autumn's voice commands,
Frown all ye vates, and mourn ye blooming lands.

M.

For the Monthly Magazine.

Written upon the Atlantic on a voyage to India.

THE moon rose aloft from her wide watery bed,
And dim, o'er the blue waves, her pallid rays shed;
While standing on deck, I bade fancy go roam,
To the breast of my Ellen, my friends and my home.
Big tears, trembling, stood in my sorrow'd dim'd eyes,
And drop'd in the waves—while I breath'd in fond sighs
As I gas'd o'er the billows that wild'ring did roar,
“Go waves haste and carry those tears to the shore
“Of my country, and bid them fond, kiss the white sand,
“Where the cot of my Ellen does rise on the strand.
“And O! if perchance thro' the moon's trembling rays,
“Alone, by the wave-sounding ocean she strays,
“Then tell her with magical murmurs so sweet,
“That her Henry yet lives on the wide welt'ring deep.”

HENRY.

For the Monthly Magazine.

THE SLAVE.

THE sun on the ocean beam'd red,
The waves sunk with him to repose;
And the moon, silver queen, from her bed,
In sweet paled majesty rose!

Soft traces along the blue wave,
Shed their influence bland thro' the air;
And wafted the plaint of the slave,
That echo'd around his despair!

'Twas thus, in the noon of the night,
On the prow brave Itonika stood,
While the moon, at meridian height,
Beheld her full face in the flood.

"Ye waves that but mock my despair,
To the waters unconscious he cried;

"How oft have I groan'd to the air,
How often complain'd to your tide?

"The air has but echo'd my woe,
The tide has but laugh'd at my grief;
No longer assistance forego,
No longer withhold your relief!

"To morrow my tyrants in vain
Shall seek for Itonika here;
For plunged in the bed of the main,
My body shall soon disappear!

"I thank thee thou legate of heav'n,
Thou'st pointed the road to the sky;
And to my wrapt soul thou hast giv'n
A hope that shall never more die!

"Within this my hard dusky breast,
A heart full of tenderness lies;
And that which gives death e'en a zest,
A soul that shall live in the skies!

"I hasten Amala to you
For why should I lengthen my thrall;
Thou world and my tyrants adieu,
Itonika flies from you all!

“Forgive me thou Lord of the world,
 Take from me the life thou first gave;
 He said—and his miseries hurl’d,
 With his body beneath in the wave!”

OTHELLO.

SELECTED POETRY FOR THE MAGAZINE.

HELLVELLYN.....BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
 Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam’d misty & wide;
 All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
 And starting around me the echos replied.

On my right, Stridenedge round the Redtran was bending,
 And Cathedicam its left verge was defending,
 One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending
 When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark-green was that spot, ’mid the brown mountain heather,
 Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay;
 Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
 Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
 For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
 The much-loved remains of her master defended,
 And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
 When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou
 start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

And, oh! was it meet, that, no requiem read o'er him, }
 No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him, }
 And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him, }
 Unhonoured, the pilgrim from life should depart?

When the prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
 The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
 And pages stand mute by the canopied pall.

Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are }
 gleaming; }
 In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming; }
 Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming, }
 Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
 To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;
 When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
 And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.

And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying, }
 Thy obsequies sung by the gray-plover flying }
 With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying, }
 In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

FROM DARWIN'S BOTANIC GARDEN:

LED by the phosphor-light with daring tread
 Immortal FRANKLIN sought the fiery bed;
 Where nursed in night, incumbent tempest shrouds
 His embryo thunders in circumfluent clouds,
 Beseiged with iron points their airy cell,
 And pierced the monsters slumbering in the shell.

So, borne on sounding pinions to the west,
When tyrant power had built his eagle nest;
While from his eyry shriek'd the famish'd brood,
Clench'd their sharp claws and champ'd their beaks for
blood,
Immortal FRANKLIN watch'd the callow crew,
And stabb'd the struggling vampyres ere they flew.
The patriot flame with quick contagion ran,
Hill lighted hill, and man electrised man;
Her heros slain, a while *Columbia* mourn'd,
And crown'd with laurels, LIBERTY return'd.

The warrior LIBERTY, with bending sails,
Helm'd his bold course to fair HIBERNIA's vales;
Firm as he steps along the shouting lands,
Lo! truth and virtue range their radiant bands;
Sad superstition wails her empire torn,
Art plies his oar and commerce pours her horn.

Long had the giant form, on GALLIA's plains
Inglorious slept, unconscious of his chains;
Round his large limbs were wound a thousand strings
By the *weak* hands of *confessors* and of *kings*;
O'er his closed eyes a tripple veil was bound,
And steely rivets lock'd him to the ground;
While stern *Bastile** with iron cage enthralls
His folded limbs, and hems in marble walls.

* "*We descended with great difficulty into the dungeons, which were made too low for our standing upright; and were so dark, that we were obliged at noon-day to visit them by the light of a candle. We saw the hooks of those chains by which the prisoners were fastened by their necks to the walls of their cells; many of which, being below the level of the water, were in a constant state of humidity, from which issued a noxious vapour, which more than once extinguished the candles. Since the destruction of the building, many subterraneous cells have been discovered under a piece of ground, which seemed only a bank of solid earth before the horrid secrets of this prison house were disclosed. Some skeletons were found in these recesses, with irons still fastened to their decayed bones.*"

Letters from France by H. M. Williams, p. 24.

Touch'd by the patriot flame, he rent, amaz'd,
The flimsy bonds and round and round him gaz'd;
Starts up from earth, obove the admiring throng
Lifts his colossal form, and towers along;
High o'er his foes his hundred arms he rears,
Ploughshares his swords, and pruning hooks his spears;
Calls to the good and brave with voice, that rolls
Like heaven's own thunder round the echoing poles;
Gives to the winds his banner broad unfurld,
And gathers in its shade the living world.

Instructions to a Porter—by Mr. BEDDINGFIELD.

YOU to whose care I've now consign'd,
My house's entrance, caution use
While you discharge your trust, and mind
Whom you admit, and whom refuse.

Let no fierce passions enter here,
Passions the raging breast that storm,
Nor scornful *pride* nor servile *fear*,
Nor *hate* nor *envy's* pallid form.

Should *av'rice* call—you'll let her know
Of heap'd-up riches I've no store,
And that she has no right to go
Where *Plutus* has not been before.

Lo! on a visit hither bent,
High-plum'd *ambition* stalks about:
But should he enter, sweet *content*
Will give me warning—shut him out.

Perhaps the *muse* may pass this way
And tho' full oft I've bent the knee
And long invok'd her magic sway,
Smit with the love of harmony;

Alone tho' she might please—yet still
I know she'll with *ambition* come,
With lust of fame my heart she'll fill,
She'll break my rest—I'm not at home.

There is a rascal old and hideous
Who oft (and sometimes not in vain)
Close at my gate has watch'd assiduous,
In hopes he might admittance gain;

His name is *care*—if he should call,
Quick out of doors with vigour throw him;
And tell the miscreant once for all
I know him not, I ne'er will know him.

Perhaps then Bacchus, foe to *care*,
May think he'll sure my favour win;
His promises of joy are fair
But false—you must not let him in.

But welcome that sweet power on whom
The young *desires* attendant move,
Still flush'd with beauty's vernal bloom,
Parent of bliss the *queen of love*.

O! you will know her, she has stole
The lustre of my Delia's eye;
Admit her, hail her—for my soul
Breathes double life when she is nigh.

If then stern *wisdom* at my gate
Should knock, with all her formal train,
Tell her I'm busy—she may wait,
Or, if she chooses—call again.

FATHER AND SON; OR DICK OUTWITTED.

REMOTE from splendour, liv'd of late,
In humble, but in decent state,
An honest farmer, known to many,
Well skill'd to save and turn a penny.

His wife, as frugal as himself,
Increas'd the little store of wealth ;
And, bless'd with children, pigs and geese,
Nought could, it seem'd, disturb his peace.
But aged grown, the charms of life
Had faded, with his blooming wife,
And much he wish'd his latter days,
To pass in ease, and prayer, and praise ;
And therefore told his fav'rite Dick,
That he of care and toil was sick ;
As business almost craz'd his pate,
He meant to give him the estate ;
Provided he would fully prove
His gratitude and filial love,
Support his parents, and engage
To sooth the pillow of their age.
Dick thank'd his sire ; with grateful heart,
He promis'd to perform his part,
And him with rev'rence to obey,
Till death should summon him away.
Now scenes of plenty and delight,
First open'd to his eager sight ;
Hope promis'd fair, that pleasure's rays
Would gild the evening of his days.
But anxious, he determin'd soon,
Completely to secure the boon.
Quoth Dick, "'tis folly to delay,
We'll close the bargain, sir, to-day ;
And soon to Justice ——'s repair,
Decrepit, you shall ride the mare."
Well mounted now the aged don
Rides slowly on beside his son,
Who, trudging merrily along,
Regales his father with a song,
Arriv'd at house of justice, quick
The sire dismounts, by help of Dick ;
His honour found, they state the case,
He hears them, with a sober face,
And soon, with help of usual fee,
Completes a bond and warrantee.
Forms now compli'd with, business done,
To suit the sire as well as son,

They homeward jog; a certain pride
Whisper'd to Dick, he ought to ride—
'Twas clownish thus to trudge along,
Despis'd by all the gaping throng.
On which, with magisterial air,
He bids the father quit the mare,
Affirming, now the farm was his,
He'd do in future what he pleas'd.
Surpris'd, the sire rebuk'd his son,
Thus saucy and imperious grown.
But all in vain, Dick roundly swore
He'd be his father's slave no more.
The sire dismounts, and hobbles on,
The mare bears off the hopeful son.
At length the father reaches home,
Extremely lame and weary grown.

When night came on, by ev'ning fire
Dick met again his injur'd sire,
Who, quite goodnatur'd, told his son,
"There was a flaw in what was done.
And had he took the slightest heed,
He'd found an error in the deed.
The lately purchas'd turnip-lot,
The 'squire, I apprehend, forgot;
Go, fetch the deed, we'll now insert it,
Assuredly, it cannot hurt it."
Dick brings the deed, the careful sire
Throws all the writings in the fire;
Then turns to Dick, with cheerful air,
"Who, now, my son, shall *ride the mare*?"

An original letter from a Quaker to a watch-maker.

Friend John,

I have once more sent my erroneous watch, which wants thy friendly care and correction; the last time it was at thy school, he was nowise benefited by thy instruction. I find by the index of his tongue he is a liar, and that his motions are wavering and unsettled; which makes me believe he is not right in the inward man, I mean the main-

spring. I would have thee prove and try him with thy adjusting tool of truth, that if possible thou may'st drive him from the errors of his ways, imagining his body to be foul, and the whole mass corrupted; purge him with thy cleansing-stick from all pollution, so that he may vibrate and circulate according to truth: I will board him with thee a few days, and pay thee for his board when thou requirest it. In thy late bill thou chargest me with the one eighth of a pound, which I will assuredly pay thee when thy work deserves it. Friend, when thou correctest him, do it without passion, lest by severity thou drivest him to destruction.—I would have thee let him visit the sun's motion, and learn him his true calculation, table, and equation; and when thou findest him conformed to that, send him home with a just bill of moderation, and it shall be faithfully remitted to thee by thy true friend.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LORENZO will please to recollect that an essay ought to have a *beginning*, a *middle*, and an *end*. Prudential sentiments thrown together as it were in a hustle-cap, or as if designed for an emblem of a moral chaos, can never interest, and consequently but little instruct, mankind.

"*Louisa Venoni*" will appear in our next.

J's communication is received and shall be attended to.

The "*Delusions of Hope*" will be published in our next number.

W's essay is inadmissible; neither its sentiments, nor its language, entitle it to a publication.

The "*Ranger*" will appear in our next number.

Price of the Magazine is \$ 3 per annum, payable in advance.

WILLIAM GREER....PRINTER....LANCASTER.

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